

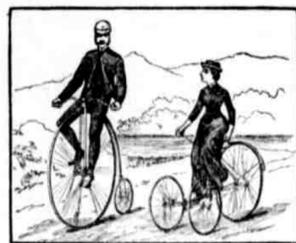
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BILL NYE ON MAY MOVING.

HE RELATES HIS THRILLING EXPERIENCE IN THE METROPOLIS.

Why He Wanted to Embrace Himself in a Brown Stone Front House—How He Was Shut Out at Night in a Great City. The Middle Class the Sufferers.

I dislike to speak of my moving in New York for several reasons. In the first place it is a very old subject, and in the second place it is an intensely disagreeable one to me.

Last year I was unfortunate. I spent the month of April looking for a house, and finally decided to take the Plummer house, as the tenants there were good people, but were going to Europe to have fun with some of the monarchies. The house was a good one, with Croton water and sewer gas in it, and as I had been denied the pleasure of sleeping in a room where I could blow out the sewer gas at night, I secured the place.

Later, however, the Plummers concluded to take the Minks house for the summer, instead of jarring the already tottering dynasties of the old world. The Minks were to take the Olds house, and the Oldses were going into the Pangborn house. Pangborn's folks claimed that they were going into the Rutledge place on the first of the month, provided the Rutledges moved into the Schwartz house. The Schwartzes had not yet fully decided whether to keep their house another year.

About three days before the 1st Schwartz concluded that he would rather have the Stikeleather place, which he could get at the same price, and so he cabled me through the Rutledges, the Pangborns, the Oldses, the Minks and the Plummers that everything was all right. I, therefore, caught a stair carpet in my teeth and "gliding down the banisters" ripped the costly fabric from dome to basement, filling the air with stair rods and the dandruff of time. I rolled up this carpet and left it in the hall for intimate friends to fall over, and then went out on the street to secure a man who would be willing to move us on moving day to the Plummer place.

I was real glad to secure the Plummer house, for, as I say, it had every convenience and looked so much like all the other houses on that street that when a man went in it he felt as though he owned the whole block. I always thought, too, that there was a kind of vague, indefinite feeling about stealing into one of those extremely and abnormally similar brown stone high stoop houses at night which reminded me of the singular yet pleasing apprehension one feels when one has quenched his thirst at night on a sleeping car and returns to gently enter a berth which has no originality about its exterior, but may contain his own clothes or the clothes of another, for it has no distinguishing berth mark, as it were, and one does not know whether one will be shot dead by an infuriated man who is lying awake to defend his Waterbury watch with his life or bitten by a set of artificial teeth tied to the inside of the curtain.

But I was speaking of the Plummer place. It looked plain on the outside, but had cute little rooms which could be richly furnished by putting a rug and a chair in each one. The parlor also had room for an ottoman, provided it was not a very large ottoman. The back parlor could be profusely and luxuriantly furnished by putting in an album and a picture of Abraham Lincoln signing the Emancipation proclamation, which I had purchased of a connoisseur. It had a scraper at the door and an iron hitching post in front of the house where the nobility could tie their teams when they came to spend the day with us.

The hall was just wide enough to admit a moderate sized man after he had taken his overcoat off. Everything was petite, cozy and debonnaire. There was an antique air about the whole house also. It was an air that seemed to have been handed down from the dead past. It was such an air as an antiquarian might pick up in the Catacombs and bring home with him to put into a house. I hardly know how to describe it, but it impressed you at once, and you concluded that some very old family had lived there as long as they could and had then died.

So I wanted to have the Plummer house and impress people with the fact that we were a good deal older family than we look to be. As a matter of fact, we do not spring from a very long line, but have worked our way up into notice by our own efforts, like the Prince of Wales.

On the 1st day of May a man came around to our house driving a large, green second hand tiger van. It looked some like the van of civilization, but the man who drove it was drunk. Otherwise he was a perfect gentleman. He talked freely with me and looked at our album while I was strapping a trunk. He said it was wonderful how folks had improved in making pictures. Look at the pictures that were taken during the war! I said yes, certainly. Look at anything and see how different it was from something else. I said this with a tinge of bitterness, for I was in a hurry to get moved out, as the Lankerses had already begun to move into the house we were leaving.

He then closed the book wearily and began to smell of some bottles which he found in a hamper. He tried several times to fit his large, spongy nose to one of these bottles, but did not succeed. By that time I had put several of the heavier articles in the van, and he helped carry the trio-a-brac and load it in.

At 11 o'clock the parade started, with the right resting on Two Hundred and First street and the left on the opposite side from that. We reached Union square at 5:30 p. m., without having been discovered by roving bands from the Tammany reservation, and halted for food and water, intending to cross the Fourteenth street divide and camp on the Dry Forks of Little Fifth avenue for the night, that being the place where the Plummer ranch was situated.

While the horses were taking much needed nourishment from a pair of nose bags and I had gone to a concealed spring in one corner of the Morton house for water, a breathless messenger boy came up to the driver with a note stating that Stikeleather had decided not to give up his house, and so the Schwartzes had no place to go, but had decided to remain in their own house. It was the same with the Rutledges, the Pangborns, the Oldses, the Minks and the Plummers. I did not know what to do.

Looking down at the ground, the more readily to think of something, I thought I saw a footprint. Following the spoor for a short distance I came to an hostelry, in which I remembered to have stopped before. Driving the van up to the front door and calling out the proprietor, I said to him: "Sir, heretofore you have objected to me on the grounds that I had no baggage. Will you please check this van and give me a good room connected with the swearing saloon."

The rich and poor do not worry so much over this matter as the great middle class. The rich do not have to move and the poor have very little to move, but the middle classes, who load themselves down with a feeble imitation of grandeur, and yet do not feel able to own a house, have to suffer.—Bill Nye in New York World.

He Did Not Get an Audience.

The Listener has heard another characteristic story of the great Russler, generalissimo of the house of Smith, Smyth & Co. Russler now has in attendance in his anteroom a colored man of distinguished appearance, who serves as a sort of a breakwater to the mighty flood of business that is supposed to continually roll in upon the great man of affairs. The other day an old friend and companion of Russler's, a plain, rustic sort of fellow, took it into his head to call and congratulate him on his rise in the world. They had been hail fellows well met all their past life, and the old friend felt it would be always so between them. He called, and was confronted by the colored porter.

"I want to see Russler," said the old friend. "Cab'd, sah," said the porter, jolly. "Cab'd! I haven't got any card," said the visitor; "I don't carry 'em."

"Have to pass in your cab'd, sah, befo' you kin see Mr. Russler."

The visitor tore a bit of paper out of a notebook and wrote his name on it. "There," he said, "I guess that'll do."

The colored man glanced at it rather askance, but took it in to the inner sanctum. In a few minutes he returned with a condescending smile on his face.

"Mr. Russler, sah," said he, "will grant you an audience in three-quarters of an hour."

The visitor was some moments in catching his breath.

"An audience?" he exclaimed. "And in three-quarters of an hour! Well, I'm afraid when the time is up he won't find his audience. I've got other fish to fry meantime. Tell his highness, please, that I'll have to attend at the palace some other day; I've got a load o' taters that's got to be sold. Good day!"—Boston Transcript.

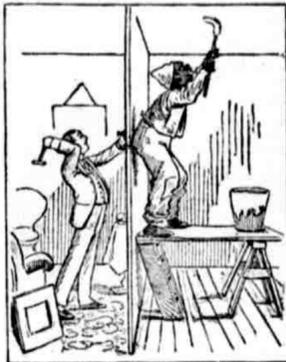
Pass Him the Medal.

They were talking in a Portland barber shop about their skating powers, and, of course, there was more or less lying. A gent from Indiantown told this one: "One night along in the fall a good many years back I was skating down the Kennebecensis from above Milkish. It was quite dark, and as there were some holes in the ice I had to keep going at a very rapid rate to avoid dropping into them. I am no ice creeper—even now—but that night I honestly think I beat all records."

"How did that great speed save you from the holes?" a listener asked sarcastically.

"How did it save me? Why I could see them. I kept my skates going so fast that sparks flew from the ice in showers, making it so light that I could have seen a pin ten yards ahead."—St. John (N. B.) Gazette.

A Pointed Attention.



The Intelligent Bride.
Clerk to young lady who has purchased a pair of gold sleeve buttons for her fiancé—Any initials, miss?
Young Lady—Oh, yes, I forgot; engrave the letter U, his first name.
Clerk—Ah, May I ask, miss, if it is Uriah or Ulysses? Names with U are rare.
Young Lady proudly—His name is Eugene.—Town Topics.

Nothing Mean About Her.
"Is that all you can give me, ma'am," pleaded the tramp, "a dipperful of water?"
"Why, no, certainly not," replied the woman with the big heart; "you can have as many dipperfuls as you like."—New York Sun.

Everything Explained.
Guest to landlord—Are you sure, landlord, that this is a spring chicken?
Landlord—Yes, sir. That chicken is from my own farm; it was hatched in March.
Guest—Oh, that explains it. March is a tough month.—Harper's Bazar.

An Explanation Wanted.
An exchange, in an anatomical article, speaks of "a lady's skeleton," but it doesn't explain how to distinguish a lady's skeleton from a woman's skeleton.—Norristown Herald.

WHAT SHALL WE WEAR?

NEW STYLES ATTRACTING ATTENTION IN THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

The Wide Diversity of Shapes in This Season's Outdoor Garments Which Include Decided Novelties in Jaunty Jackets and Stylish Mantles.

Walking jackets are numbered with popular outdoor garments and appear each season in a wide diversity of styles. The present importations are no exception to the general rule, but present, if possible, an even greater variation as regards not only the fabrics of which they are made but their cut and finish.



In the cut is represented a decided novelty, very stylish and in every way differing from the usual walking jackets. The illustration is too plain to require special description. As will be seen it is a semi loose jacket, with long basque in tan colored chevrot, enhanced with a tufted galon. It is crossed over the chest, and encircled round the waist with a scarf in striped pongee silk.

French Wraps.

Very dressy mantles combine colored camel's hair and black lace—indeed, it is a Parisian caprice to use black lace in combination with various kinds of wool. For instance, apple green camel's hair covered with black net that is finely dotted with gilt beads forms the sides to short mantles that have V shaped fronts and backs almost covered with fine cording of gold, copper colored wools are used in the same way. Changeable silks are also made up under black Chantilly net for mantles, rose with green, or brown changeable with bright yellow, producing a pretty effect under the transparent lace. The sides of such mantles are of plaited lace without the silk drooping over the arms to the elbows. Bretelle mantles are the new small designs for completing any summer toilette, and are made of a little black net with bretelles, a belt and collar of black moire ribbon four or five inches wide, or else of gros grain ribbon with watered stripes or satin edge. These have piece lace gathered or plaited in V shape from neck and shoulders to waist line in front and back, then spreading out below the waist in full fan basque shape. The ribbon bretelles edge these V shaped capes, they are tied in a knot or bow with many drooping loops on the shoulders, and are folded to taper to the waist line in front and back, where they meet a ribbon belt. The ribbon striped nets and jet nets are also used for such capes. Still others have the arms covered by plaited lace falling to the elbows, and straight strands or else looped strings or large jet beads fall on these arm pieces of lace.—Harper's Bazar.

Artificial Flowers.

To be fashionable, artificial flowers must most nearly approach to nature. Indeed, natural grasses, natural lavender and rose stems, subjected to certain processes, which make them durable, are mixed with nosegays, which look as if they had just been gathered, small bunches standing up loosely, the stems visibly tied with grasses. Cowslips, tulips, sweet peas, wild hyacinths, blue bells, cornflowers and dandelions, are intermixed with blowaways, these are what find most favor. Stiff, hard bunches, arranged as we have been accustomed to see them a long while, are now out of date, the more careless and unstudied floral arrangements are the better.

Still "the thirst for gold" continues, tinsel runs through all the new trimmings, and asserts itself in the florist department in the form of gold rosettes set in a cluster of leaves, and as silver stems hung with Venetian shells for silverettes, which closely resemble lilies of the valley starting from a bed of ostrich feathers. A new rosette has been brought out which boasts of the fleshy transparency of the real flower, and indeed almost any of the present blooms might be mistaken for real, save after a very close inspection.

Unique Bracelets.

With the increased popularity of bracelets have come many novelties, and not the least among these are the watch bracelets.

These bracelets were at first designed especially for tourists and shoppers and were made of leather after the fashion of one of the models in our illustration. The watch set in the center of these leather wristlets is of silver.

Fashion Notes.

Soft silk, China silk and fancy combines are worn by ladies who prefer color to white in their underclothing.

Too caps of French patent leather are seen on many of the new shoes.

Coarse straw bonnets, draped with colored lisse, are a new fancy.

The "common sense shoe" has now a large patronage in spite of the fact that it is not comely, but then it is so very comfortable—and English, too—don't you know?

Wraps of the dress material are frequently made up this season, and in the majority of cases they are heavily braided.

The "Tuxedo" is numbered among popular tennis suits.

Wash dresses for little girls are sometimes made with full skirts and belted waists, with eight or ten loosely attached tucks down the front and back.

Smocking is exceedingly fashionable for the trimmings of night dresses; those often have a smocked yoke and a second trimming of the kind at the waist, the upper part of the sleeves and the cuffs, trimmed to correspond.

Shot silks are much used for the petticoat worn next the dress, or admissible even without a dress, and worn with a matinee.

There is no end to the dainty devices in the way of shape and trimmings of the fichus of various sizes worn with indoor dress; they are made of lisse, wool fine Indian muslin and soft silks and lace.

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